

BOG, HOMINY AND HIS ART

PAINTER OF TAR HEEL MOUNTAINS LOVES ALL THREE.

Clarence Worrall Can Afford to Sell \$2,000 Paints for \$100, for He Expects to Clean Up a Hundred Million or So From His Washing Powder Mine.

Clarence A. Worrall, who has been painting the mountain scenery in western North Carolina for the last ten years, is in New York for his first visit in that time. "Painting" might be a better term than "painting," for though Mr. Worrall does paint in oil the greater part of his work has been in pastel.

Mr. Worrall has been having a modest exhibition of some of his works at Davis & Sanford's and they have attracted considerable attention because of their coloring and their detail. He says he has never done much in the exhibition line and as for seeking for medals, "I am above it," said Mr. Worrall. "It is only the little men that hunt for such things."

Mr. Worrall says he has made thousands of pictures in his ten years in the North Carolina mountains and that they are all good. He is an enthusiast on the scenery in that part of the country and on what is usually termed the "cracker" class. "They are the most independent and withal the grandest set of peasants on earth," said Mr. Worrall at the Holland House yesterday. "You can't give them a cent unless they earn it from you. I have gone through the wildest country down there at all hours of the day and night and have been safer than I would have been in New York city. They call some of them 'moonshiners,' but those people have no intention of breaking laws. They cannot see why they should not be permitted to distill a little liquor for their own use if they wish."

Mr. Worrall is a tiny man physically. Apparently he would not tip the scale at 100 pounds; but he has great energy. He says he goes to bed at 8 o'clock and gets up at 5. He says he can do a pastel in an hour and a half and in the last ten years has done several thousand of such pictures, portraits and oil paintings. He is frank in his admiration for his own work and says he knows that every little picture will bring easily \$10,000 apiece. He likens himself to Whistler in some ways, but he disclaims being a follower of that master. Mr. Worrall believes he has found a new school.

"I went down into that country because of my health," said Mr. Worrall. "The doctors said I had to get away from studio work. A friend I advised me to go to North Carolina said I could paint scenery as it was. For a year I tramped about exploring. At first I was at Asheville, and later I went to Arden. I started out in life as an ether. A few years ago a firm wanted to guarantee me \$20,000 a year if I would work for them. I got my only commission at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Thomas Ekin was my instructor. He told me not to pin myself to any master and I followed his advice. I floated about like Whistler and I worked my art education out of the wood."

"I once saved the town of Asheville," said Mr. Worrall modestly. "How? Well, I made a painting of the scenery for hundreds of miles around and as a result a great boom came to the town. Then I bought a cold in Chicago, where I was exhibiting the picture, and I was ill two years. Then I broke my leg at the knee while crossing a stream in the trunk of a tree. The doctors said I would never have the use of the leg again, but I did recover it by bringing into play, through about two years, muscles not ordinarily much used. Look at this."

Mr. Worrall stood on one foot, drew up his broken leg and wiggled it about at the knee in a fashion that would have done credit to a contortionist. "I guess I've got the use of that back all right," he said. "Why, my pedagogue there registers 300 miles for the last thirty days."

"When I first went down into that country I established a free school of art. I kept it going for only two years, but I enrolled about two hundred pupils, and they came from as far away as Texas. My idea was really to establish a manual training school, but happily Mr. George Vanderbilt did this. In my art school I used to have twenty-five pupils a day. Oh, that was nothing! I'm a rapid worker. I can do a day's work in a couple of hours, but you must remember it has taken me thirty years to acquire the knowledge and experience that make that possible."

"I left the beaten track of art and artists because I could not stand the little tricks, snags and petty jealousies," said Mr. Worrall in answer to a question. "I feared there will be some jealousy now that I have returned, but that is natural; but the vast majority of my pictures that have been sold have been purchased by artists or connoisseurs. I know that country down there as well as I could paint you a scene from memory which would be true down to the minutest detail. Down at my place I have about 500 pictures, of which about 200 are in oil. I am going to have them up here next fall on exhibition."

"To tell the truth, I have never had but one large exhibition of my works, and that was in the big hotel at Asheville. I have been working for the last ten years with one purpose in view, though at first it was recreation. I have covered the country for miles about. Sometimes I had my camp with me, sometimes I was the guest of farmers. They make you perfectly welcome and you can stay a day or a month anywhere. They always have big and hominy, and they give you the best they have in the house."

"I have had various interests, and I have been the greatest knoll down in North Carolina. I have owned a tract of land running for twenty-five miles along the railroad, which was filled with deposits of a new element. Then I am building a big house, which will be a study in the new colony. Besides I have written several pamphlets and brochures, one of them a sketch of Whistler. Here is a copy," Mr. Worrall added, handing it over.

It is called "Golden Rules and Maxims for Artists and Others," and is deduced from a study of the antique and giants of painting. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Botticelli, Whistler, Sargent, Millet and Manet.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Here's a new fad to look out for," said a policeman, pointing to an old woman huddled in a doorway with a worn purse lying near her feet. Now and then she would lurch as if she were intoxicated. "She's not drunk," he continued; "she just sits there waiting for somebody with a kind heart to come along and wake her up, reminding her that her purse is likely to be taken. If anybody does she'll set up a great rumpus, declaring that that person has taken money from her purse. Often the person will give her a dollar and tell her to shut up rather than have to explain to a policeman and a crowd."

"But she really has been drinking, hasn't she?" he was asked.

"Well, this. Get along there with you!" yelled the policeman. The woman soberly went her way.

Weather threatening; crowd scurrying; congestion of humans on Broadway near Fulton street; hour, 12:30, noon.

"What is it?" inquired excitedly a big man wearing a shaggy Alpine. "Any one hurt?"

"Naw," responded a city youth, "a guy's lost sumpin' 'trough a sub-gratin' an' he's fishin' fer it."

The man of curiosity fought his way through a struggling mass of men and women and found the "guy" leaning over a subway grating industriously fishing with a long pole (on the end of which was presumably some sticky substance) for a bright object that seemed wary of him.

"What did he lose?" the big man said, addressing the tense faces about him.

"A diamond ring I guess," answered one. "Ahl! He's got it! No; it's slipped off! He's got it again! Steady now and you'll fetch it. Good! He's got it! Let's see it!"

"Aw, you mugs make me sick," remarked the fisherman. "Can't a guy pick up a cent he's dropped without a crowd collectin'?" Amid derisive cries of "cheap skate" he held up a bright Lincoln cent. Then a cop appeared and the crowd dispersed, each person figuring how many cents he'd lost in time.

No prettier sight can be found in Central Park at night than the ducks and swans which inhabit the lake at Fifty-ninth street sleeping or resting on the lawn near the Sixth avenue entrance. About 11 o'clock every night a down of the little brown ducks come out of the lake and find resting places on the grass. For some reason they like to keep near the lamp post at the edge of the lawn. Gradually the big white swans also appear, but they keep near the edge of the water, making it an easy matter to hop right back again in case of danger. Unless they are disturbed the ducks and swans, with their heads tucked under their wings, fall asleep. Outside of a park half a clock away trolley cars, automobiles and other traffic trundle along, but the noise never disturbs the rest of the ducks and swans on the lawn.

There probably is no boy in Greater New York who can boast of a stranger collection of playthings than that owned by the young son of a physician living on Park avenue. The boy has the entire second floor of his father's dwelling as a playroom. Although he has plenty of mechanical toys the boy prefers to play with his menagerie. This consists of a colony of frogs, a rabbit, a bull pup, a turtle, two snails, white kittens and chipmunks. Through patient training the boy has succeeded in getting the bull pup, the kittens, the rabbit and the turtle to eat from one bowl at the same time.

WHERE'LL TETRAZZINI SING?

In Concert, Says She; Never, Says Dippel of the Metropolitan.

Following the announcement that Mary Garden had been engaged by Andrew Dippel for the company that is to sing at the Auditorium in Chicago, in Philadelphia and at the Metropolitan Opera House here, Mme. Tetrazzini's representative yesterday sent out the following statement:

Mme. Tetrazzini has broken off negotiations with the Metropolitan Opera House, and it is extremely unlikely that she will be heard in opera in America, or at all events in the last next season. She will undoubtedly return, however, having received a number of flattering offers for concert.

Contrary to their previous announcement, the directors of the New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago houses have no contract which can insure them Mme. Tetrazzini's services, and she has refused to sign any of the various contracts they have offered her, the latest of which was for four operatic appearances each in Chicago and Philadelphia, and twenty-two concerts in cities not mentioned. Mme. Tetrazzini feels that she prefers to make a concert tour under different management, and since a concert tour is what the last offered contract amounts to, she has, as stated, broken off negotiations.

Mr. Dippel had this to say:

"Unless Mme. Tetrazzini sings under our management she will not be allowed to appear in this country at all. If she does not desire to sing under our management or remains in Europe it is not possible for us to interfere with her plans. But if she comes back to this country under any other management we or Mr. Hammerstein—who in his loyalty to the Metropolitan Opera Company and in accordance with his agreement will do whatever we ask of him—will get an injunction to prevent her from appearing except under our management."

SALE OF MORSE FURNITURE.

Nearly \$14,000 Realized for the Fittings of the Two Upper Stories.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, wife of the convicted banker, sat in an alcove on the third floor of her home at 725 Fifth avenue yesterday and listened to the incessant ringing voice of Augustus W. Clarke, the auctioneer, as he sold the contents of the house.

The two top floors were sold out yesterday afternoon, bringing about \$13,500. The most valuable furniture in the house is on the lower floors and will be sold today or Monday. The largest prices were yesterday afternoon were \$940 for a mahogany Louis XVI twin bedroom suit, sold to Mrs. Clarence M. Bush of Great Neck, L. I., and a four post mahogany Venetian bedstead from Mrs. Morse's own bedroom, sold for \$750, also to Mrs. Bush.

Mrs. Morse said that it had been carved especially by Cassirini, a Florentine woodcarver, and had cost \$3,000.

Mrs. Bush bought freely and it was roughly estimated that she and her husband had been the highest bidders on \$8,000 worth. Mrs. Morse recently sold the house itself and it is understood that the buyer was acting for a third party.

It was said yesterday that Mrs. Bush already owned the house and intended to buy a large part of the contents. Mrs. Bush bought a massive mahogany bureau with a swing-out French level plate mirror, and a similar mahogany chiffonier for \$80. She also bought a Daguerrean rug which was said to be worth more than \$50 for \$10, and for \$5 she got an ornate Tiffany glass chandelier which was estimated by an agent as worth at least \$200.

The sale will be continued today and Monday; when the contents of the library, dining room and lower hallways will be disposed of.

The Wall Street "Evening Sun."

The Wall Street edition of THE EVENING SUN contains all the financial news and the stock and bond quotations to the close of the market. The closing quotations, including the "bid" and "asked" prices, with additional news material, are contained in the night edition of THE EVENING SUN.

THE GREEN MOUSE

Mighty good company for the week-end



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Ask your Bookseller for the new story

By Robert W. Chambers

THE RISE OF JOHN GOLOBIE

OKLAHOMA EDITOR DOES NOT KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM.

Shipped Somewhere in the Austrian Tyrol to America When He Was 10 Years Old—Now He Writes Editorials and Is Trying to Get into Congress.

John Golobie of Guthrie, Okla., who is proprietor of the Oklahoma State Register, came to New York not only to see Col. Roosevelt but to see Castle Garden again after thirty-five years.

Mr. Golobie was just 10 years old when he saw it the first and last time, and he has mostly forgotten what language he spoke then. His English is perfect. In fact Mr. Golobie admits that his editorials have a powerful influence in Oklahoma.

Mr. Golobie also confesses to aspirations toward Congress. Indeed, he is going to be a candidate in the primary against Representative Maguire of the First district. Politics aside, Mr. Golobie said yesterday that his life epitomizes the history of civilization and progress in the world the last four centuries.

"I don't know," said Mr. Golobie, who might look like a certain ex-President if he wore a mustache, "whether I was born a Dalmatian, a Croatian, an Italian or what, but I do know that I came from a little district in the Austrian Tyrol, and I was only 10 years old when I left. They had just heard of this country in that part of the world. I know the idea thereabout was that the earth was flat and square and on wheels, and they used to say in our village, whenever we would feel the jar of an earthquake of which the full force was being felt in Italy, 'Oh, that is one of the earth's wheels jolting over a stone.'"

"They did not have locomotives in that part of the world then. There was talk of a railroad being built, but the people of our village opposed it on the ground that anything driven by fire and smoke must perforce be by the machination of the devil. I remember that when I left home I rode four days and a half in a wagon before we reached a town where there was a railroad. I was a victim of primogeniture, and my mother had saved up to give me a chance in the world. When she heard of America, she determined to send me here, and I came alone, except that a German woman who spoke a little of my language took me in charge on the journey."

"So strong was my superstition that when the locomotive came puffing into the station in a cloud of smoke I took to my heels and they had to catch me. I did not understand for a long while how it was that I was to be put in one of the houses on wheels behind the engine and taken to Hamburg. In Vienna I saw my first orange and I enjoyed eating it. It was this that I learned enough English to get along with, and I was by turns a dory nurse, a wood chopper, and as I got a little older a shoemaker."

"When the Wichita boom came along I, who had gone first into insurance and then into real estate in Kansas, made \$18,000 in about six months. I reinvested it again and lost it all. Then I took to writing. Considering that I sprang from darkness like that of the Middle Ages, I claim that my career attests the progress of man in the last 600 years."

A detective says he is an original Taft man in Oklahoma. "So far as sentiment for Taft is concerned I virtually forced my machine to endorse him," he said. "The men who afterward voted for him in the Republican convention were for Fairbanks the year before. Maguire got in line for Joe Cannon. For two weeks I wrote double column articles, and as a result they all became anxious to climb up on the band wagon. Now to show you how things have turned around, the men that forced the endorsement of Taft are now said to be too progressive."

"Out our way we don't like the term 'insurgent.' We are not insurgents, as far as the President is concerned. If all our Western Republican Congressmen had aligned themselves with the progressives the latter would have been in the majority in Congress and would have been popular at home. They are now out of favor. This standpat business hinders rather than helps the State elections, and the plan of holding a convention and adopting a platform before the primaries are held, as was done last week, does not help matters any."

Will of Thomas Hitchcock.

The will of Thomas Hitchcock leaves his box at the Metropolitan Opera House, 200 shares in the Metropolitan Opera Real Estate Company, \$5,000 in cash and all his personal effects to his wife, Marie Center Hitchcock, and gives her in trust all his Lake Shore, Brooklyn City and other railroad stock. His two sons, Thomas, Jr., and Francis R. Hitchcock, are to have the residue of the estate and the railroad stock on the death of their mother.

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NOT I, SAYS STANDARD OIL

WHO THEN CAN BE SHADOWING SIR WEETMAN PEARSON?

The Sleuths Have Adopted New Hints, but They're Still on the Watch. The Cost Must Be at Least \$525 a Day. Let Alone the Taxicab Bills.

The boss sleuth who is directing the espionage of an English baronet at the St. Regis changed his red necktie yesterday for a blue one, and the transformation was perfect. Another of the shadowing band exchanged his derby for a straw hat and his disguise was complete. But the mystery of the surveillance of Sir Weetman Pearson has become deeper.

A representative of the Standard Oil Company called up yesterday to assure THE SUN that that company has positively no interest in shadowing Sir Weetman Pearson. Sir Weetman seems to think that interests in Mexico affiliated with the Standard Oil Company are responsible for it. In fact he has said as much. But it is apparent he must look elsewhere for the source of what has become to him a great annoyance.

It's no fun, the baronet thinks, to have half a dozen rough looking men jump up from somewhere or other as you make your exit from your hotel, a restaurant, an office or a club, stare at you, jot down something or other and then bolt for a telephone booth or else jump into a taxi and pursue you wherever you go. And fancy, this in America, too! Why, one could not feel more uncomfortable if one were Oscar Hammerstein making a journey in Russia after the Czar had told him to stay out!

Anyhow Sir Weetman's present intention is to sail for England or somewhere to-morrow, so that unless some of the detectives get aboard the same ship, which is hardly thought probable, he will be able to shake them off. And if any of those Johnnies try to keep up this dodge in London, why it is a different tune that will be sung, for when it comes to personal liberty—well, Scotland Yard might have something to say about shadowing a gentleman who is not suspected of a crime.

But it did not seem to make any difference to the detectives on the job yesterday what Sir Weetman's thoughts were. They hugged the neighborhood of the St. Regis all the morning, though they had changed their position. The boss sleuth clung to the stone fence of the old Harriman house until it got too sunny for comfort, when he went into the glass enclosed vestibule. The man who had been stationed in the shadow of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church shifted over to the steps in front of the blank wall next to the St. Regis, and then in the afternoon, when it got shadowy on the other side, he went over and sat on the steps of the old Canfield mansion.

One thing was solved yesterday to the satisfaction of the St. Regis management, and that was the ownership of the spring mattress, hair mattress and improved slumbering found in an area next to the "insurgent." We are not insurgents, as far as the President is concerned. If all our Western Republican Congressmen had aligned themselves with the progressives the latter would have been in the majority in Congress and would have been popular at home. They are now out of favor. This standpat business hinders rather than helps the State elections, and the plan of holding a convention and adopting a platform before the primaries are held, as was done last week, does not help matters any."

"Eight dollars a day and expenses for every man on the job," he answered. "And I would be content for my share with the taxicab part of the expense bills."

So that if the surveillance is kept up until Sir Weetman sails it will have been to the interest of somebody to have paid out \$525, the expenses of six men for eleven days, and the equivalent of the frantic efforts of any number of New York taxicab men on each of those days just to keep informed as to what Sir Weetman has been doing. And a New York taxicab man can work harder than those of London, Paris and Berlin combined.



The July Scribner Theodore Roosevelt's

account of his hunting and camping near

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that Clemens T. Heitemeyer, a leather manufacturer who until recently was a resident of that city, died of heart disease on Wednesday at the home of his daughter, Miss Alvin Laverge, 417 Fifth avenue, New York. He was sixty-seven years of age.

For several years and turned the house over to his younger daughter, Elizabeth, at the time of her marriage last spring to John A. Fagan, son of former Mayor Lawrence Fagan of Hoboken. Mr. and Mrs. Heitemeyer sailed for Germany on March 2 last to make their home with Countess Laverge. Mr. Heitemeyer is survived by two daughters and one son, Robert T. Heitemeyer.

Abraham Westbrook Cuddeback, a wealthy farmer and the oldest native born resident of the town of Deer Park, Orange county, N. Y., died at his farm home at Cuddebackville to-day of stomach trouble, after an illness of two weeks. Until last summer he had never been confined to his house by illness. He was born in Cuddebackville ninety-four years ago on the farm on which he has always lived. His paternal ancestor, Jacob Cuddeback, came from France in 1680 and was one of the owners of the Peenack patent, granted in 1680, of which this farm is a part. He is survived by six children, Edgar and Herbert Cuddeback residing in New York city.

Robert Valentine, 86 years old, financier of the Shakers at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., died yesterday. Since 1821 he had been connected with the sect. He was a wall in Brooklyn when taken into the Shaker family. For seventy years he had been going almost daily to Pittsfield, Mass., as sales agent and banker for the Shakers. In 1901 when he joined the family, there were 100 Shakers at Mount Lebanon. Now there are not a hundred and mostly all women.

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Miss Elizabeth W. Stevens and John de Koven Bowen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fulton Bowen of Chicago, were married this yesterday afternoon at old St. Mark's Church. The Rev. Dr. Loring N. Sutton, rector of the church, officiated. The bride was attended by her cousin, Mrs. Gilliat Aubrey Schroeder, as matron of honor. The bridesmaids were Helen Bowen, Louise Bowen, Dorothy Sanborn Wilde, Antoinette Heck, Gladys Munford, Susan Fitt Dresser and Hilda Hiss were bridesmaids. Joseph T. Bowen, Jr., was his brother's best man and Mortimer Trevelyan, George Blumenthal, Kent Clow, John Edwin, M. Henry, David Blumenthal, Yale classmates, and Oscar Egerton Stevens were ushers. After the ceremony there was a large reception at Delmonico's. Mr. Bowen was graduated last Wednesday from Yale University.